

everyone says he's alright by orphan_account

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Summary:

After the Mind Flayer event, they all wanted a normal life - maybe that's why everyone tried to forget that Will wasn't acting normally. Mike was sure that he wasn't himself, since he stopped drawing, since he stopped showing emotions. Will and he were so close that the only way for them to continue together was to fall in love, or fall apart.

Mike fell in love. Will fell apart.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

warning: mentions of blood

He was alright. Will was alright. That was what Mike thought - that was what everyone thought. Or course, he acted a bit weird, it's normal after being controlled by a monster and surviving an exorcism. But his failures weren't so big, and it seemed pretty normal to everyone's eyes. In a way, they all tried to skip it, excuse his odd actions, because they wanted to live a normal life. It was almost egocentric to think this, but it is what happened. Will was alright - maybe not that much, but at least they all made it look like.

Even Mike was fooled by it. His life wasn't easy either, he was dealing with different subjects that he would gracefully forget about, but he was alright, like Will. His relationship with Jane was as good as always, after their puppy kiss at the school dance they decided they could start dating or do whatever the adults do. They were happy, almost in a dumb love, when she pulled quietly his tshirt to get his attention, or when he brushed her hair when they had one of their late night talks, or when they exchanged quick kisses before Mikes leaves for school.

Their love was sugarcoated, and they both knew it. They were holding on to each other too tight in their snow globe: they looked so nice and sure, they loved each other purely, but it was all - a memory you'd remember in a few years, a sweet memory. It was pretty from the outside, but their relationship needed something more, there was no substance. Mostly, Jane needed to live a little before setting herself with someone, it didn't matter if this someone was being consummate to her, she needed to experience things with her own ideas, but she was too busy wondering what was going on Mike's mind, she needed to experience things with her own eyes, but she was too busy watching Mike's, she needed to touch things with her own hands, but she was too busy holding Mike's.

She told him that. Mike knew that it wasn't her idea, it was probably Joyce's. He knew that the two girls were closer than everything, and

he saw the look she gave to the little girl. Mike wasn't against it, he loved Jane, but he loved her too much to force her into a cage made out of his passions. When she brought the subject, he was wondering why she took so long to ask. "I feel - I know, I don't want to say it, but I know that I should be alone, at least for a while. I want to be acquainted with new things." She said, and he was so ready for this discussion that he only shrugged. "It's okay. I understand. I'd like a goodbye-kiss, if you don't mind," he said with a small smile. She kissed him, a quick peck on the lips, and it was it: present became past, love became a memory.

"Acquainted. That's such an adult word, how do you know it?" he asked, before she left. "What?" Jane wondered, "You said acquainted earlier. How do you know this word?" She seemed to think a second, trying to remember when she used it. "Well, Will and I read dictionaries everyday after school together. We want to learn words." "Okay." He said, but Will doesn't need words, he thought.

Maybe the dictionary was what should have alerted Mike, but it didn't. It was too small, such a ridiculous detail.

But other things caught his eye, and he was sure that he couldn't be the only one noticing things. Like that time when he called his mom mother, in front of Mike, and he watched her with furrowed brows - he would sometimes talk to her with that way, but not often. And it was quickly becoming an habit, and soon, "mommy" was erased of Will's mouth. That wasn't all, he started calling Mike Micheal, it was just a few times, and Mike would always bit his bottom lip whenever he did it. "Mike. Call me Mike. You know I don't like Micheal." And he would turn his head around, "But on your papers, you always write Michael Wheeler. That's your real name. Why can't I say your real name?" And that was the first hit of a small crackle in the wall.

"There's nothing wrong with him", said Hopper. "By thinking he's acting weird, you'll be distant, even if you don't want to. Be nice on him, it's the trauma, that's fine. He has been through so much, all he needs and wants is to have his bests friends and family around. And what if he forgot some stuff about you, or if he starts being a bit distant, that's normal. Again, it's the trauma, he's more mature now, more silent. He's becoming an adult, so are you."

It's not fair. Will used to be an oven, a secret that you had to open to reveal the delicious and hot apple pie. You had to find the cracks to make him smile, but when he started he was all yours and you could be all his, because he was simple to love and care of. But now, thought Mike, he was as cold as a fridge - like the oven, you needed to find the right way to make him open up, but when you did, there was nothing except coldness and the rests of yesterday's meal, the rests of Will's emotions, the rests of Will's personality.

Sometimes theses thoughts will come back to the surface of Mike's sea of ideas. There was one that he wanted to keep bottled up in a bulb lamp and only turn on the light when he wanted to, but the thing is that Will could control lights and he decided that this particular idea should show up way too much. It was that, kept inside really deep, Mike was having exploding feelings towards Will.

It wasn't a new thing, it was as old as the earth. It was as old as when he asked him if he could be his friend. It seemed that Will and he were so close that the only way for them to continue together was to fall in love, or fall apart.

Mike fell in love. Will fell apart.

It was almost natural for him he was his best friend, then one day he was his best friend that he wanted to kiss, to hug longer, to hold tight his head in his hands. But was this Will still the same? Was he still his best friend?

He still was. He was different, but Mike couldn't tell him that, because they all changed. Months passed and they all enjoyed their now normal life, and soon the weird aspects of what they experienced was gone as the clouds during summer. Even Jane was a normal girl, not using her powers that much anymore, had she spoke like every other girl. Maybe she had boyish tastes, but that was predictable since she only hangs with Mike, Lucas, Dustin, Will and Max, the last one being less a girl that you'd think. Except this tiny, very tiny detail, everything was fine. A year passed, and everything

was fine.

But not Will. "I can't be the only one noticing the changes?" Asked Mike to Dustin and Lucas, when they were hanging without his best friend. "He's not... himself?" The look on the other's faces showed him that he wasn't the only one - they both saw it too. Will Byers used to be an open book with secrets, that showed you emotions when he was sure enough that he could trust you. When he came back, his demons had took everything and closed the book before leaving. It was almost as if Will lost every bit of emotion that lived once in his body, letting only a mind with no real substance. Mike was desperately in love with an alive body that held a dead mind. He couldn't stop loving him, even when he realized that he changed more than he could say, that he wasn't the same at all - that this boy, whoever that is, wasn't his Will. But it still was Will.

It's getting harder to understand how Mike fell in Will's hands.

Maybe, he thought, there is still a chance. Mike could remember how Will and he looked at each other when he was in trouble with the Mind Flayer. Maybe, he thought, there is still a chance that the Will that loved him unconditionally was still somewhere. So Mike took his courage in his hands, and with these hands he took Will's head, looking at his eyes, closing them before giving him a slow kiss. It was chaste, but it lasted long enough to mean something.

Mike wasn't thinking about the sparkles or the fireflies or the butterflies that everyone describes in romantic texts, he was too worried about getting his best friend back. This gave him a hope that maybe he'll suck off the last bit of emotions that Will could have and take him back to real life with him. He felt a hand going over his cheek.

It was Will's right hand.

When he separated himself, Will's eyes were still closed. He opened them, very slowly, with puppy eyes that told Mike that he was back. It was him, it was his best friend - the one who loved to draw, the one who loved his mom and called her mommy, the one who never forget that the first rule is "We don't say the name Michael", the one who was in love with him. He couldn't stop smiling and this was as strong as when he saw Jane come back after 353 days, except this time Will was physically with him for 402 days, but mentally gone that exact same time.

Will's eyes were holding so many emotions that Mike thought he could be exploding right now. Will Byers was a bubble about to burst. "Mike! I need your-" he said, with excitement as he touched Mike's face with his right hand, before cutting himself in his sentence. His eyes fell, his smile fell, his hand too, and everything was back to the good old normal. "Will? Yes?" His best friend's eyes blinked. "Excuse-me?" He asked, with this monotonous voice that he was using since 402 days. Mike felt like he swallowed a bubblegum and that it got stuck in his throat. "What do you need? You need my what?"

"Oh. Nothing. I already forgot." Will was still gone, and the worst was that he actually found him but lost him in the way. "Are we boyfriends?" He asked, and it was painful for Mike to answer. "I guess so." Yes, he wanted the old Will to hold him, but the new Will was a stranger. And yet, he was about to date him.

"Oh my god!" Jane cried, as they were finishing their meal at Joyce's place. Mike looked at her, and her eyes were stuck on Will's hand, while her whole head was showing disgust and worry. "Are you okay? Oh my go- WILL! STOP THIS!" She said as she stood up to help him. Mike turned his head around to look at him and understand why she was being so weird. He quickly knew why. Will was done eating, with his fork next to his empty plate. His right hand was having convulsions against the table, almost as he was miming a music rhythm. The thing was that he was doing it on the fork, and his hand was now bleeding from the exercise.

Will's face showed nothing, he seemed as lost as Mike before he saw the scene. It seemed like his hand wasn't a part of his body and that

he couldn't feel that he was hurting himself at the moment - Mike's mind was crying inside because this was a renaissance painting, the kind that Will loved, but it wasn't a creation, the scene was real and now, Will wouldn't be able to paint it. Not that it would be because of his damaged hand, but it has been a while since he stopped drawing. Now, Will would have some problems to use his hand for a few days. Then he remembered what his best friend told him the other month that he was left handed. Still, he was sure that Will was right handed.

The real reason why Will wouldn't be able to paint again was different: no one ever said it, but Will had lost his colors, his imagination, like the water going down the drain.

Then, Will looked at his hand. His lips parted in a surprise, not because he seemed to realize that his hands was hurting, but his face showed anger. He was angry. Why?

His left hand took his right hand, but it didn't stop convulsing. "It's fine. Sometimes I loose my ability to touch and my hand goes all crazy, haha!" He laughed it off, but it seemed weird. Will wasn't funny anymore, it's been a year that he hasn't made a joke.

They had to do something - This was the last drop, Mike couldn't take it anymore. Will was a mystery now, and he needed to finish the puzzle before it was too late. He talked about it to the others, and all they said was something along the lines, "You shouldn't try to change him back to what he was, he's different now, he has grown out of his problems, and if you don't like him anymore, why are you dating him?" Because of the shadow of what he used to be.

Then everyone understood. Everyone understood that Mike was right - and that Will was acting way too weird, even for all the trauma's he had to live. The kids (now teenagers) were in Lucas' basement, doing their homework. It was day 435. Mike was now a master to count days - 435 days since El came back, 435 days since Will was lost in himself.

"I'm so tired," Said Will to the others. That was rare for him to talk about personal stuff, he was more used to speak about something else. "Oh, I saw you on your bike at like, 2 A.M., in the street. Of

course you're tired." Laughed Dustin. "What were you doing outside at 2 A.M. Will? And Dustin, too." Asked Max with a tone of amusement in her voice. "Well, I wasn't outside, but I was up because of nightmares. So I looked outside because there was some noise, and Will was there."

"Me too," said Will very quickly, so quickly that it sounded like a lie. "I was up because of nightmares." A silence filled the room, and Lucas broke it by standing up and searching a pillow on a chair that was in the basement. "Here, take this Will, you can sleep for like twenty minutes, then we'll wake you up and you can work on your stuff." He smiled, and Max looked at him with a gentle face, breathing slowly. Will said yes in a voice that didn't mean it, but his voice never meant a thing, not since 453 days.

He fell asleep, and the others started to speak in low volumes while working on their own homework. "I can't believe he can actually sleep now, without having a bed. He must be really tired." Said El, while Mike looked down at him and quietly brushed his hair. He loved to see Will asleep, because he was still the same as before when he wasn't talking. "Yeah, this lil' fucker should sleep and not do whatever he does at night. Right, Will?" he said, wondering if he was really asleep. He got no response and Will's low breathing told him that he was in Hypnos' arms.

They forgot to wake him up after, and he stayed there sleeping while they were finishing what they had to do. After an hour or maybe less, a weird noise woke the silent room. It was a gentle knock on the table, going on and going on.

"Can the person who thinks this is funny stop? I'm trying to study, now." Said Max, her head popping from her papers. Mike heard her breathing stop, so he looked at her and she was locked on Will. He turned to see why she was watching his boyfriend so intensely, and he realized that the sound was coming from him.

Will's right hand was knocking on the table, at a gentle rhythm. It reminded him the scene with the fork. "Dickhead, you heard me? Quit it, Byers." Said Max, and since he didn't stop her arm was reaching to him, but Jane stopped her. As he looked into her eyes, he saw that she was thinking the same thing as Mike. "Will?" Said

Dustin, trying to figure out if he was sleeping or just playing with them.

"Shit, he's doing that while sleeping? What the fuck." Added Lucas.

"Guys, this is a morse code." Said Jane with a firm voice. "I can recognize it. It's a morse code. No one wakes him up, everyone shut up." She listened to Will in a white silence. After a minute of stress for Mike, Jane seemed to be over with the morse code. She placed her hand in front of her mouth, in surprise. "What does it say? El!" He asked, anxious. He knew the right hand was the last piece that could solve Will's puzzle. Jane turned her paper to let the others see what was written.

"I'M STUCK INSIDE PLEASE HELP ME"

2. two

Notes for the Chapter:

i'm sorry i took that long!!! i had exams and it was hell. but now it's finished and i have time to write!
So i hope y'all are ready for your happy ending ;)

warning: mentions blood

Mike was right. He was right when everyone was wrong, even Will's mom and Will's brother. He hoped wasn't the only one who saw that Will changed, that his eyes were less bright, his hands moved differently, his words were said with another composition. Hopper said that it was the trauma, it was maturity. He was wrong.

The thing is that the Will to whom they shared their last year with wasn't Will Byers. It was, somehow, his body, but it wasn't his mind. They were sure of that when Will did that morse code and told them that he was stuck inside. Stuck inside his own body, but not controlling it. That was why he was acting weird. Mike's heart was cold. He didn't know why, it was something that he felt, almost as if his heart being cold made it heavier to hold in his chest. After Will - or well, Will's right hand - did the morse code dropping a bomb in Mike's mind, destroying his whole, Will made hand movements. It looked like he was writing, but he had no paper and no pen. He was writing in the air.

Mike was in a coma, or at least his mind was. He was so tired by the secret he was about to discover that he couldn't do a thing, didn't understand what was going on, while it was the resolution of what he thought about for hours, days, months, more than a year. He was there but he wasn't, as if he was watching a movie of his own life, not able to do anything. Thanks for him, the four other kids were there to make things happen, and Jane was the most awoken of them all. She directly understood what the hand was trying to say - it was along

the lines of 'give me a pen, something to write'. She gave him (or at least to that part of him) what he seemed to ask, then waited. The hand took it as quickly as he felt the pen against his finger, and started to write.

The hand was going incredibly fast, a surcharge of electricity going through it, but the writing was sloppy, like when you decide to draw with your eyes closed. Still, they found a way to read the doctor's like writing. It was full of faults, as if the person who wrote that had no time to add marks, or apostrophs. As soon as he finished writing, Jane took the paper and started reading. Mike tried to understand what was going on and her face didn't show much, since she was good at hiding things. The paper went from Jane to Max, Max to Dustin, Dustin to Mike. He read it as quick as he could, worried. He knew the paper would give answers to all.

"hi i dont have much time hes gonna wake up again. this is will byers im stuck inside. the mind flayer isnt dead. i can see everything he sees but i cant do anything except with my right hand but he doenst know when im using it and he can t control it either. the only real part of me is that hand. dont trust him hes not me. please all learn morse code so i can speak to u or wait for him to fall asleep so i can still hear you and write back. please tell my mom and jon. hes up to smthg tell the doctor he can help. hes not me. continue acting normal or he ll know smthg is up. i love u all miss u lots. hide this text quick."

He passed the paper to Lucas, the only one who still hasn't read it. Mike felt like his forehead was on fire, burning his mind as he tried to digest the new information he had from Will. This was it, he was right, Will wasn't himself. Mike would have preferred to be wrong than having to deal with the Mind Flayer again, but he was out of luck. He was right and everyone else was wrong. Mike tried to swallow his saliva, but he couldn't, there was too much going on for his body to operate simple needs. Lucas finished the letter, folded it

in four, and hid it in the book he was reading, hoping that Will - or, what was using his body, the Mind Flayer - wouldn't remark the small piece of paper showing his nose through the pages. Will's hand knocked on the table, asking for another paper.

"i know you must all feel sick. dont be. you should be happy that we found a way to discuss. i miss u all." Mike smiled. Mike was feeling awful but silly Will - his silly Will, was still here, trying to make their smiles go up. That's the exact moment when he stopped being sad or stressed or anxious. He stopped all of these feelings coming in and calmed the monstrous sea that was storming in his heart, and he started a sunset right above it. He hoped that everyone in the room did the same thing. Picking happy instead of being sad.

There was one thing that he wasn't okay with - it has been months since "Will" and he were dating, kissing, holding hands, and these months were fuelled by Mike saying "I love you" to someone that he didn't love. He needed to correct that. Of course, he couldn't stop telling to Will - well, the Mind Flayer, that he loved him, because that would seem suspicious. But he wanted to tell that to the real Will. Maybe find a code, another sentence to tell him that he loves him.

Mike's mind fell for a second. "Wait. Do you love me? Or is it just... the thing that tells me that?" It was horribly intimate to ask, but he was doing it in front of everyone, of all the members of the Party, and he wasn't scared at all. They were a family, a family that chose to hold on to each other. If one of them was sad, the others were too. If Mike was heartbroken, they will all be, together.

Will's right hand wrote again. "i do. im mad that he got all of u while using me, but i do love u." Mike read the two sentences, his heart in his mouth, almost as if he was trying to escape to join Will.

"I want a salad." Said the paladin. Everyone blinked. "That's what I'll say when I want to say I love you to you, Will, and not to.. him." He said, regarding the Mind Flayer. "I want a salad."

After that, Mike Wheeler became vegetarian. That way, he could ask more often for salads.

They told Joyce and Jonathan when Will wasn't around. Joyce cried all of the tears that her body could cry, while Will's big brother's eyes were watery, but not letting anything leave. Mike read them the first paper out loud, thinking it would be nicer if they had the news at the same time. Joyce almost jumped in her sons' arms, waiting a soft soul to hold her in her misery, hearing how her other son was stuck somewhere in his own body. Then he gave them the second paper, on which Will said that there was no need to cry or be sad. Joyce stopped her tears, got up, took her phone. "Yeah, hello, is this the library? Joyce Byers, I want to reserve a book on morse. Do you have one?" Mike smiled to himself. Too bad, Joyce, all of the Party already borrowed the ones that were available.

Mike ate a lot of salads, and by a lot, it was a shit ton. That was his way to say to Will that he loved him - and oh boy, he loved him deeply. Max would always laugh whenever he took one or we said that he wanted a salad. The whole Party (except Will, or more, the Mind Flayer) knew what the salads meant. It was love. They were green, but they held Mike's glittery pink heart for Will in them. "You're vegetarian, now?" Asked Will when it was the Mind Flayer controlling him. They all smiled quietly, and Mike answered: "Yeah. I just love salad so much I don't need to eat meat anymore."

It seemed that Will was right when he told them that the Mind Flayer had no power for his right hand, and couldn't even feel a thing. That explained the fork moment that happened months ago : when Will - the real Will, tried to do a morse code but was hitting a fork, and had blood everywhere. The Mind Flayer didn't feel a thing before seeing that his hand was moving. Months later, Mike's lover wrote him that it was stupid, that it only restricted the Mind Flayer's guard and that he had hurt himself. If the usurper of his body couldn't feel a thing, Will could, and that was harsh.

Mike found a way to force Will to always walk to his left side. Sometimes he said that his other arm was hurting him, sometimes he would put his backpack a way Will couldn't hold his hand. Thanks to his strategies, he could hold Will's right hand. The right one. The one that was actually Will. They morse-coded to each other while the Mind Flayer saw nothing, felt nothing. "what movie do you want to see tonight?" asked Mike with his hand. It wasn't long before Will's hand started to answer, "star wars!".

Maybe that wasn't the best relationship that ever happened in the whole world, but Mike was happy with it. In a way, he wasn't used in being normal, this was just another line to his life's book. Another mystery that he needed to solve. His life was revolving around finding Will in the woods, finding Will's heart, finding Will... inside Will. Everyone got around this system, and after a month they were all spectacularly good at morse code. One time they went to play at the arcade, and Max was tickling Will's right hand to talk to him. It was hard to speak to him and make everything so that the Mind Flayer didn't remark a thing, so most of the time they would wait for the Mind Flayer to fall asleep and let Will write his thinkings. This time, Mike was trying to keep the Mind Flayer's intention so Max could continue discussing whatever with Will.

Will was shit at the arcade. Of course, he wasn't the best of the group before all of the events happened - but after, he was shit, like the worst. The reason was simple: the Mind Flayer controlled only one of the two hands, and it was hard to play right when you couldn't hit half of the buttons. He quickly found ways to pass his turn to play. Keith, or as the Party liked to name him, "Cheeto guy", found it odd that he didn't play anymore. Mike found it funny that Keith, the least important person in Will's life, remarked that he was acting strangely. "Your little friend stopped playing, huh? Scared to make stupid records, right?" He laughed at the kids, kindly. Lucas and Dustin answered with their middle finger.

"What's that?" Asked Will when he saw his friends' gesture. Mike knew that the real Will knew what it meant, but the Mind Flayer had no idea. He explained, trying to talk as normally as he could. "It means fuck you, you know? Like it means 'put this finger in your butt'. It's supposed to say like, you're fucked, I'm better, go fuck yourself." Will smiled as he understood. The Mind Flayer was always happy to learn new things. Maybe it was a part of his "I'm-going-to-kill-everyone" plan.

Of course, they weren't leaving Will inside and stuck in this body. They brought the letters to Sam Owens, the doctor that helped them with the Mind Flayer and Jane. He was as sad as all of them when he heard about the news, and looked depicted. Will had to make checkups every three months since the incidents, just to be sure he was fine, but they saw nothing in the radios or examens about that situation. Now that they knew that something was up, the found an excuse to force an examen once a month. Joyce and Hopper played a big part in explaining everything to the fake Will, who found it normal.

The tests were now focused on Will's hand and mind. They forced

him to fall asleep so they could talk with the real Will, who now had time to perfect his writing and it looked really great - sometimes, you could even forget that the person who wrote that had his eyes closed. "I may have something." Said the doctor to Joyce. "I'll make more tests next month. If I'm right, in two months, I can free Will. Don't tell the kids yet, I don't want to give them fake hopes, but I think you can hold this news better than them."

At night, sometimes, it was rare, but Jane was with Will. She would make nightmares - mixed with regular dreams, where she was with him. At first, she thought it was nothing more than that. Fake memories that her mind could make her see at night. But one day, Will talked in morse code and made a reference to one of their discussions that they had at night. She realized that she, herself, could be trapped in Will's body - next to Will, somewhere in his right hand. She told Hopper, who told Joyce, who told Dr. Owen, who was very excited about the news. "It means that my theory is probably real."

His idea was to train Jane to go inside's Will's mind more and more. She did it, and the doctor was happy with the results.

"Jane, I think it's good. I am seeing Will in a few days, to make more tests, but I think it's fine. The thing is that Will's mind is stuck inside his body who isn't controlled by him," he said, that wasn't new news, the whole Party was here, so were Jonathan, Hopper and Joyce, "but here,"

He started drawing an open jar, with two rounds that represented candy inside it, and another open jar with only one candy. "See that jar?" He showed the one with two pieces of candy. "That's Will's

body. When the Mind Flayer took him, two years ago, it opened him. It broke something, and let a wrinkle that can let people go in.. his body, and control him. The red candy over here," he showed one of the two candy, "that's Will. He's less powerful than the Mind Flayer. He's still in his own jar, but he doesn't control the jar, and probably will never be able to control it completely. His jar is broken, kids. Sorry to tell you this."

Mike couldn't understand. Didn't Dr. Owens said that he could maybe free him? And now he says he will never be able to control his body?

"This other candy is the Mind Flayer. It controls Will. But, the thing is that the jar is open. That means that we can take the candy out of the jar." He marked a pause. "That's where Jane is useful. With your psychics powers, you're like a hand who can take candy from the jars. It would be really too dangerous to take off the Mind Flayer's. He controls Will's body, and is way more powerful than Jane." He looked at her, trying to say that he's sorry. "But Will's mind is... different. Will trusts Jane, and she could take his soul - his candy - to another body, another jar." Mike bit his lip. Will would be back, but he wouldn't look the same as before. That's fine. Mike loves Will for Will, not his looks.

"Do we have another jar?" Asked Max. Dr Owen looked at her. "That's the thing. We have one. It will seem weird, but it's the only other broken person that we could use. But it has.. hmm. It will seem weird but it would... Help us to recover two people." He looked at Jane. "The only other broken jar that we know is your mother, Jane." She opened her mouth to say something. "Wait a second before saying anything. This wouldn't save your mother. She's would still be blocked. Her mind is way to weak to control a body anymore. But if you put Will's soul in her body, he could control it and... he could hear her. And tell you what she says. You could get the two of them back, Jane." The room was silent. They all agreed with the idea, but it was Jane's decision, after all. "So Jane, you could take this candy

from this jar and put it in this second jar."

"Okay." She said after a minute.

Dustin laughed to himself. "Wait, that means that Mike is going to date a 50 year old mom?" They all laughed, while Dr Owens said, "Well, technically, yes."

Just before they left, they decided a date to the translation of Will's soul. It was due in three weeks. "Just, watch out for Will's right hand. I still don't know where his soul resides, but it may be just in that hand, since it's the only thing he can control. So watch out. Don't play baseball, don't trip in the woods, his hand must be completely safe. I trust you to baby him. See you in three weeks!" To what he smiled.

Two weeks passed. They stopped activities that could harm Will.

"Do you ever think the Mind Flayer knows?" Asked Lucas, just before hopping on his bike. "What do you mean?" Wondered Mike, what did he mean? "Well. You saw how quickly the Mind Flayer learned words, the alphabet, maths, geography... No one saw a thing. It was as if he was normal from day one. Do you really think he doesn't know what we're up to? Maybe he already knows that we know. I don't know. It scares me. I want Will back." He answered, and Mike realized that yes, it could be a reality. But if that was the case, the Mind Flayer didn't show a sign of knowing anything. Mike swallowed the thought, trying to make it go away. Lucas left, and it worked.

Two nights after, they were so close to the date. Mike was sleeping at Will's, and they were cuddling in his bed. He had a time to adapt, thinking that the boy he was cuddling wasn't really Will, but that Will could know that he was hugging him and not the Mind Flayer. After a while, Will - or at least, his body - fell asleep. Mike took a piece of paper, a pen, and gave it to Will's right hand, so he could speak with him. "Hey." He simply said. "Hi mike!!!" Will wrote. The paladin smiled to himself.

"Four days to go, and we'll get you out of this body." Said Mike, full of hope. The hand draw a giant heart on the paper, and Will's lips started to quietly smile. Mike saw it, and didn't question it. He thought Will found a way to control his own mouth. For once, Mike was wrong.

Mike woke up to a scream. He thought it was in his dream but once he had his mind around his brain, he heard it again. He looked for Will, but he wasn't in the room anymore. He was alone in the bed. He quickly got up, and walked to where he thought the scream came from. There was now a plea, slowly crying from the kitchen. "Joyce? Will?" Asked Mike, wondering why his best friend's mom was crying and screaming so early.

The first thing he saw was the red patches on the wall. That lead him to the blender, that was just below. It was also red. Mike didn't like that. At all. He looked up at Joyce, who was crying in Jonathan's arms. "But it doesn't even hurt, mom!" he heard coming from Will, but Mike was too focused in hugging Joyce to turn around. "I KNOW!" she screamed, which lead Mike's head to watch Will. He was hiding his hands behind his chest, and was looking away, almost searching for something. His eyes then met Mike, "Hi Mike." he said, innocently, holding his right hand to say hello.

Mike understood.

Mike understood that he was a fool to think that he could have a happy ending, having his friend, best friend, boyfriend back. He understood that the Mind Flayer wasn't stupid. That for once, Lucas was right. The Mind Flayer knew that they knew, that they wanted Will back. And he had found a way to win. Found a way to tell them how much he won.

As Will showed his hand, he smiled. It was a genuine smile, but a smile that told More more than what the Mind Flayer actually said. His right hand was completely destroyed, probably from the blender, but, standing still, the only one resting, brave, was his middle finger.

Notes for the Chapter:

ps: i lied

anyway!!! A comment makes the author really happy, you have no idea! I'm not saying this for me, but for every fic you read - it takes a shit ton of time, and having comments makes you feel like people enjoy ur stuff and makes u feel valid!

if you want to talk, send prompts or anything, this is my tumblr: @guccimikewheeler